

From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

Highland Laddie™



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2010

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Highland Laddie™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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FOR DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT

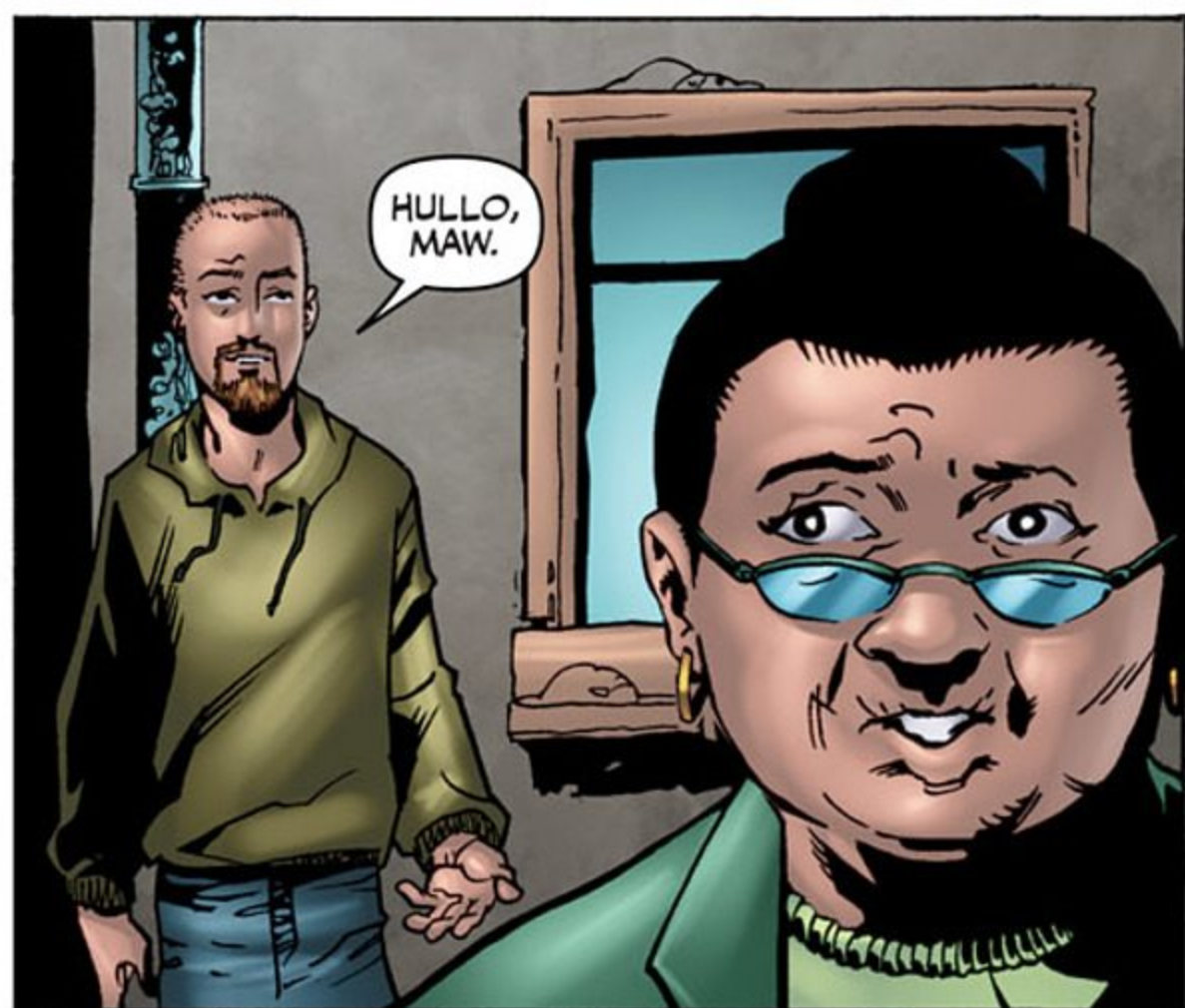
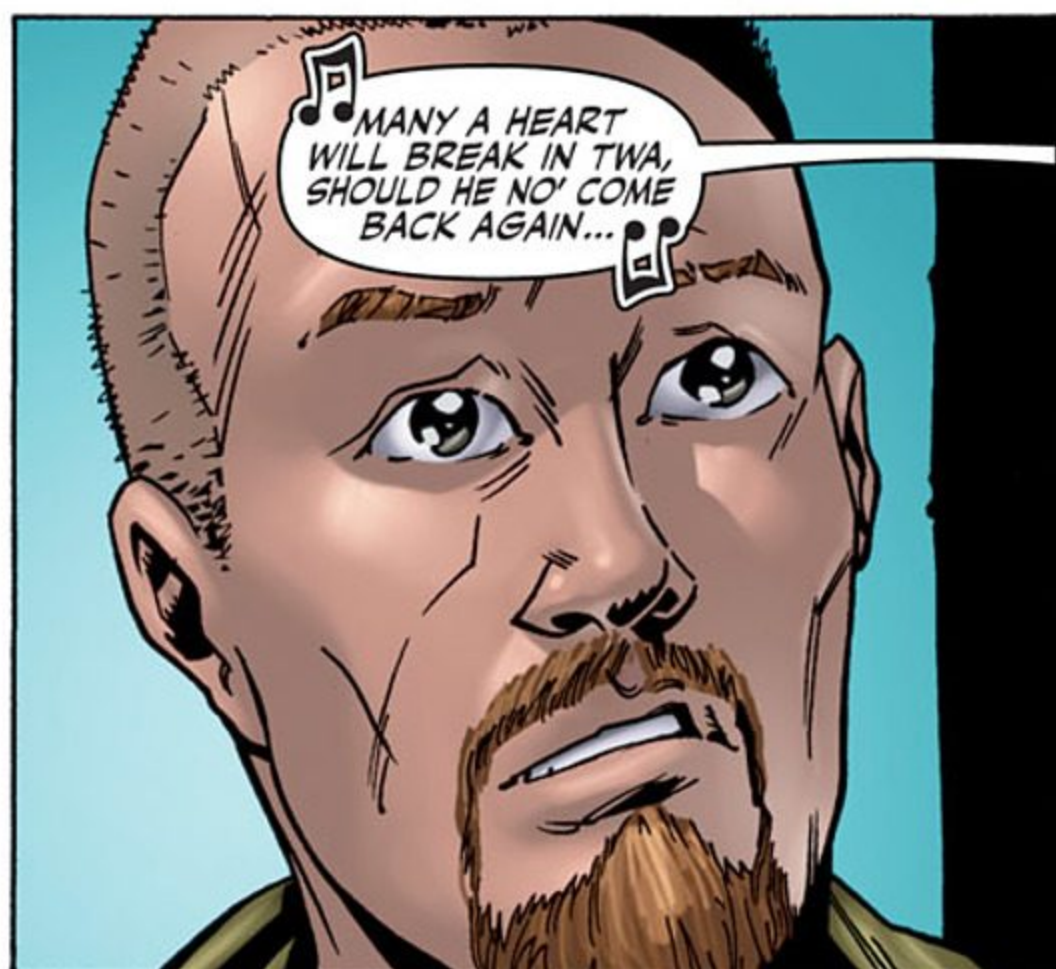
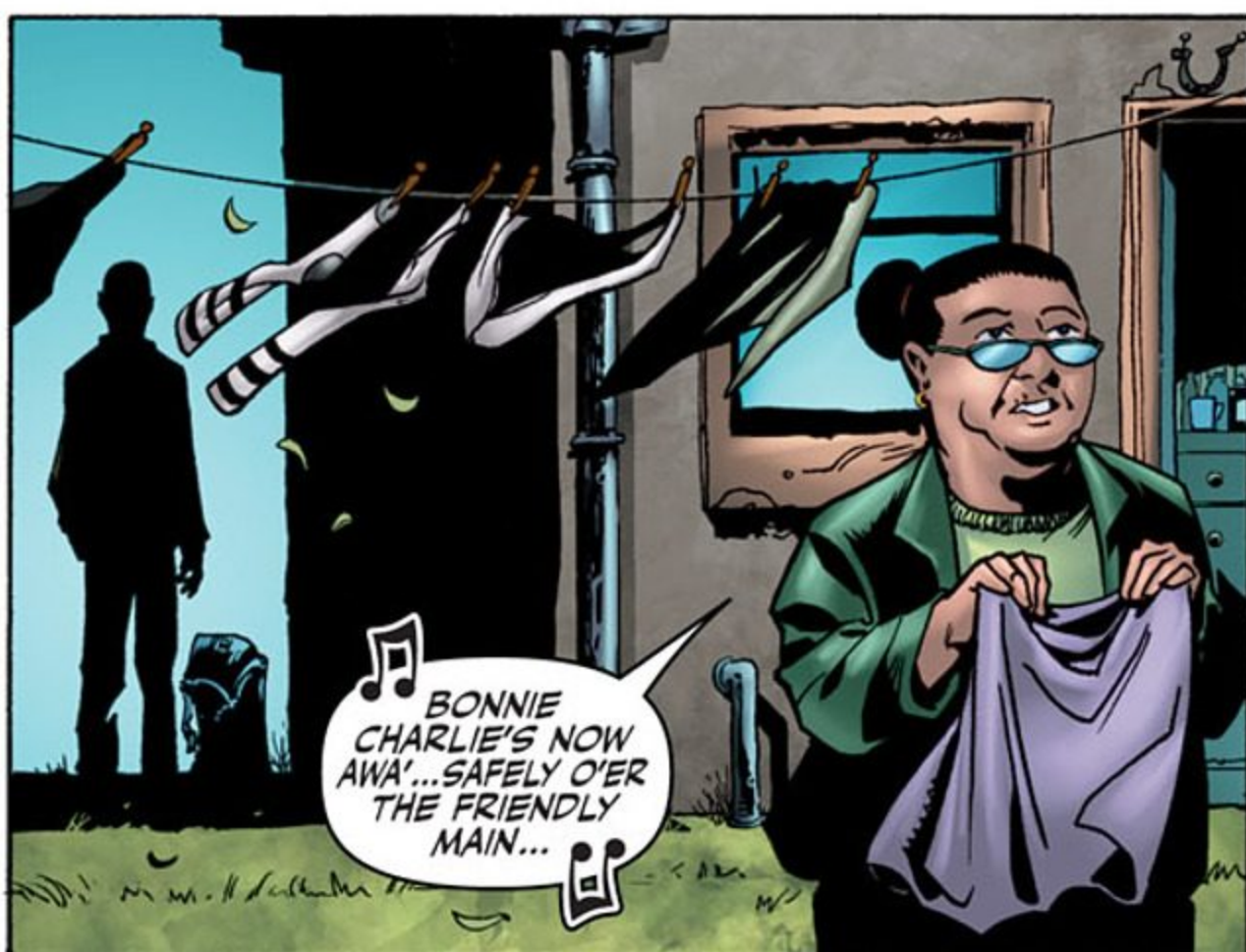
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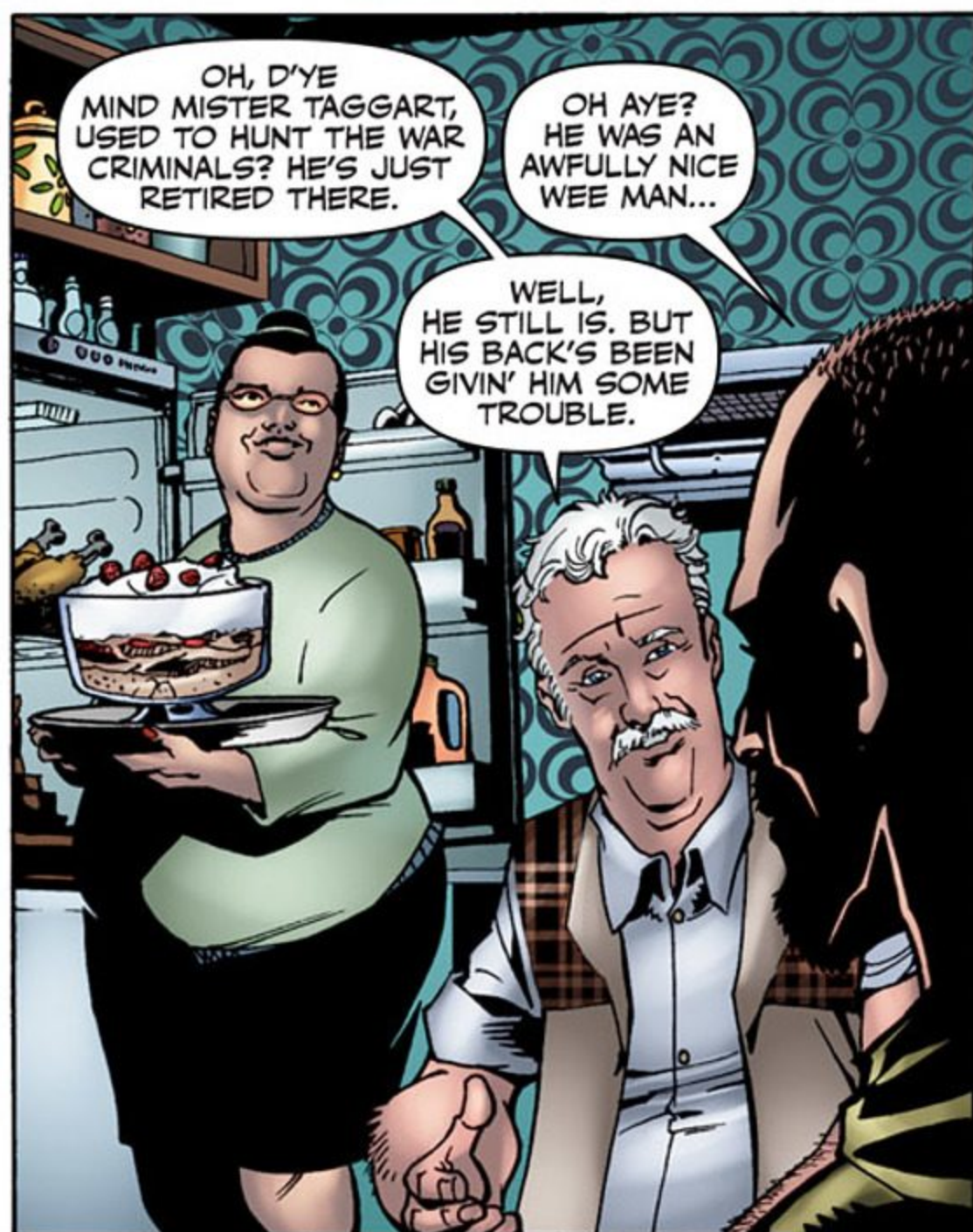
HULLO,
MAW...

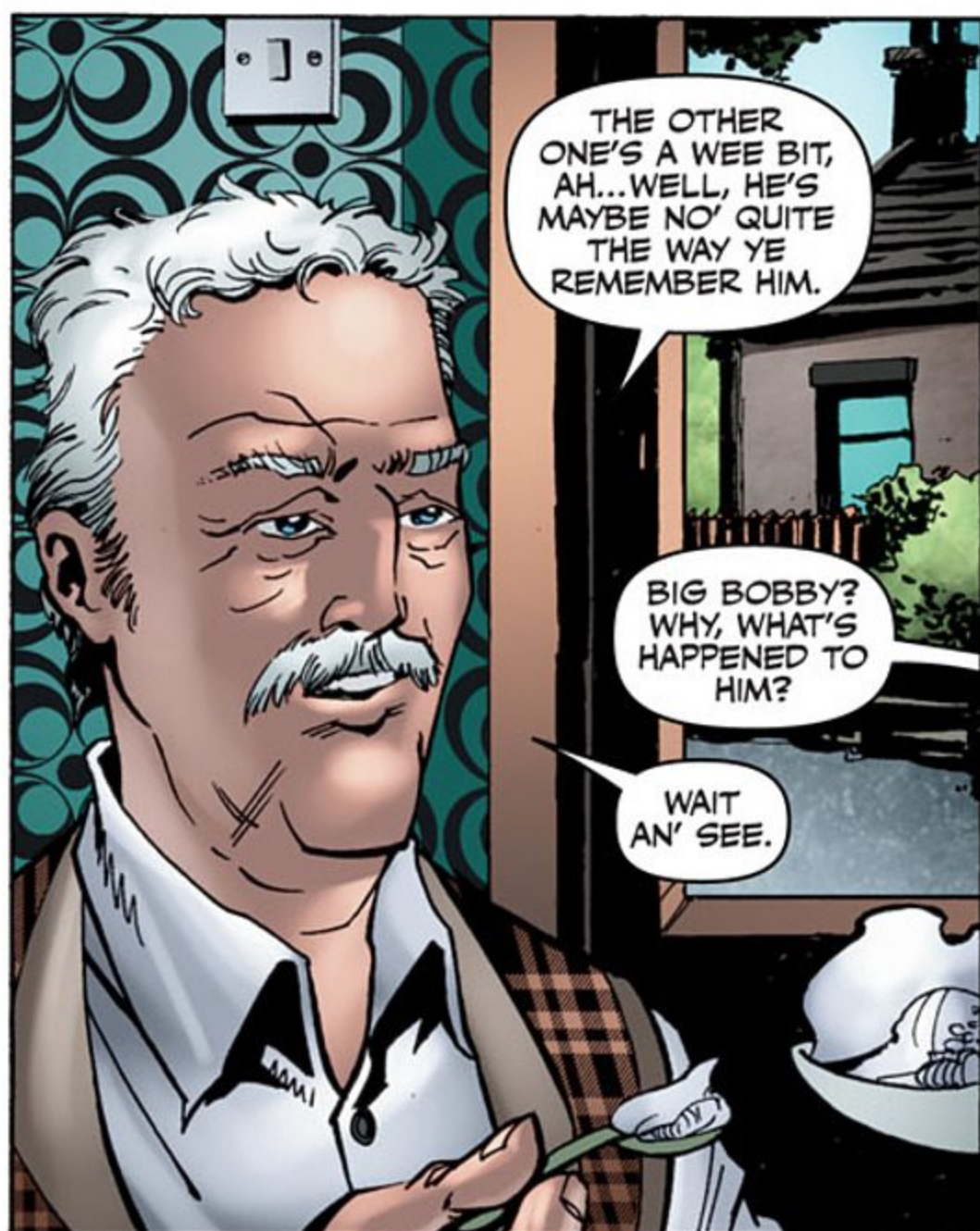
OH, MY
WEE LADDIE! MY
WEE LADDIE'S
HAME!

OCH,
HUGHIE...!

HULLO,
PAW.

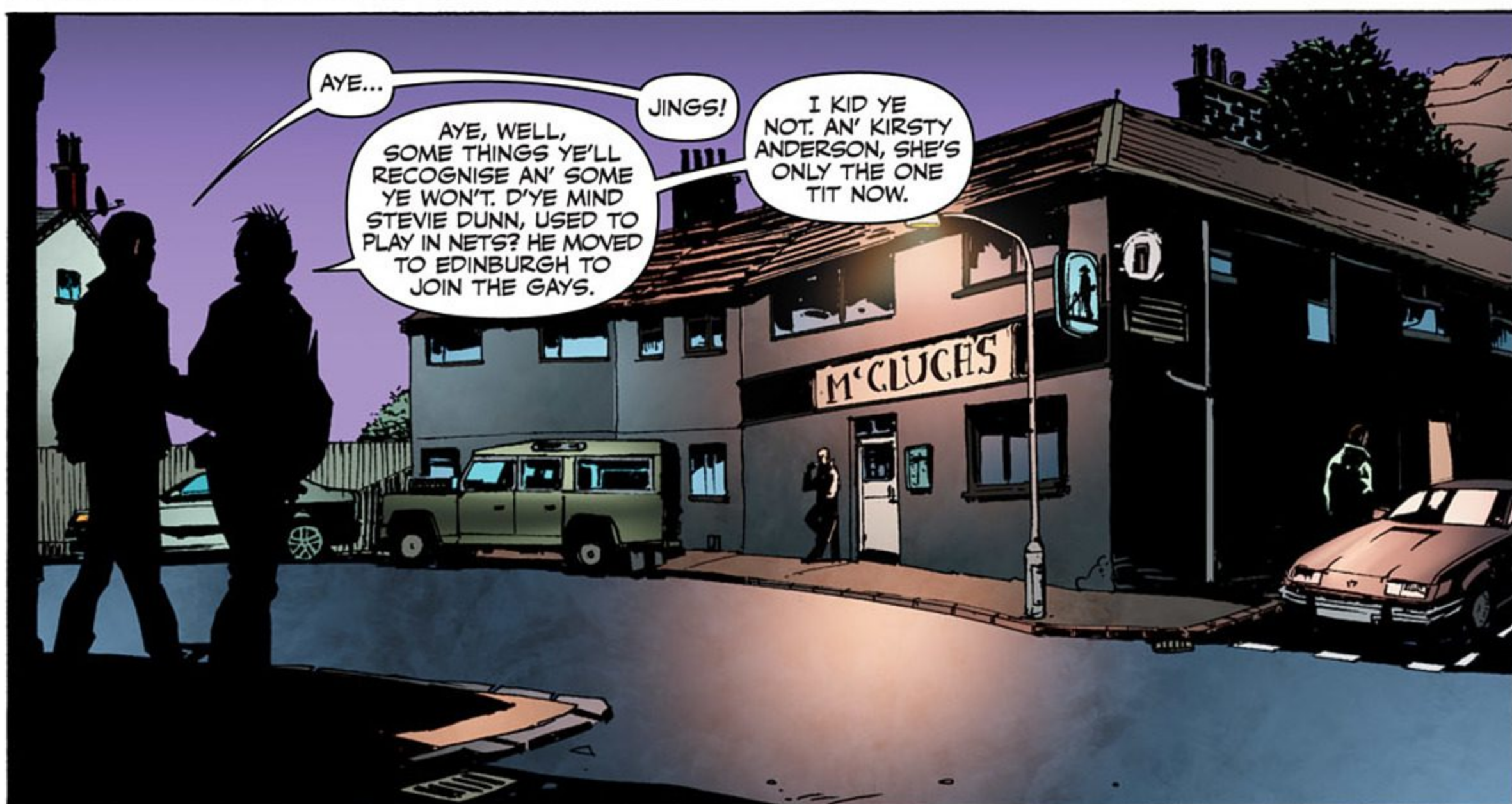
1: THE HARBOUR AT THE WORLD'S END















HEH...

HE'S ONLY
KEEPIN' YE GOIN',
WEE MAN! TELL
US WHAT YE'VE
BEEN DOIN'!
C'MON NOW!

AYE, SPILL
THE BEANS, SON!
AUCHTERLADLE
TO GLASGOW TO
MANHATTAN: MEIN
KAMPF, BY WEE
HUGHIE!



WELL...
I MOVED TO GLASGOW,
RIGHT ENOUGH. AN' IT
WAS GOOD FOR A
WHILE.

IT WAS
GREAT FOR
A WHILE. BUT
IT WENT
WRONG.



THAT'S THE WEEGIES
FOR YE. THEY'D EAT THE
POULTICE OFF A SCABBY
KID'S HEAD.

AYE.

AYE, WELL,
THEN I WENT OUT TO
THE STATES, 'CAUSE
I GOT A JOB OVER
THERE...



AN' IT WAS--
MAD. I MEAN IT
WAS BRILLIANT, TOO,
A LOT O' THE
TIME, BUT...

ALL THIS
STUFF JUST
KEPT ON HAPPENIN'.
I NEVER GOT THE
CHANCE TO SLOW
DOWN AN' WORK OUT
HOW I FELT ABOUT
EVERYTHIN'.

AN'
THEN...

WHAT
SORTA JOB
WAS IT,
ANYWAY?



THE SORT'S
THAT UP IN THE AIR,
DET. I'M NO' REALLY
SURE WHAT TO THINK
ABOUT IT, TO BE
HONEST WI' YOU.

FUCK, YE'RE A
FOUNTAIN O' BLOODY
INFORMATION, AREN'T YE?
GLASGOW WAS GOOD AN'
THEN IT WAS SHITE, AMERICA
YE COULDNAE MAKE YER
MIND UP ABOUT...!



I KEN
WHAT YOU
MEAN. I'M
JUST--

SHLOOOOSSHP

JUST, JUST,
JUST GLAD TO
BE BACK HERE
FOR NOW, I
SUPPOSE.





HULLO!
HULLO!

MM?

EARTH
TO FUCKIN'
WEE HUGHIE!
COME IN WEE
HUGHIE, YE
DOSS TWAT!



EH...?

YE'VE BEEN
SITTIN' THERE IN
FUCKIN' LA-LA LAND
FOR THE LAST FIVE
MINUTES! WAKY-
BLOODY-WAKY,
WEE MAN!

AYE, GET
YER FUCKIN'
ROUND IN,
SON...!



SORRY,
LADS...

AN' GET
US A PACKET O'
RASHERS, TOO.
I'M STARVIN'.

THEY'VE
NO' HAD RASHERS
FOR TWENTY YEARS! WHAT
ELSE D'YE WANT, A FUCKIN'
MARATHON AN' A THING
O' PARMA VIOLETS?



BEEZER?
JESUS! THREE
PINTS O' STELLA,
PLEASE, PAL!

AW,
SHITE---



IT'S MISTER HOLMES TO YOU,
YE PRICK! JUST MY FUCKIN' LUCK,
YOU SHOWIN' UP AFTER ALL
THIS TIME!

AW, C'MON NOW! THEY
CAUGHT YOU FAIR AN' SQUARE,
WI' THAT BACCY SCAM YOU
WERE RUNNIN'!

AYE! BUT I
WOULDA GOT AWAY
WI' IT, IF IT HADNAE
BEEN FOR YOU
PESKY INTERFERIN'
WEE CUNTS!







WELL,
THAT'S ME,
THEN.



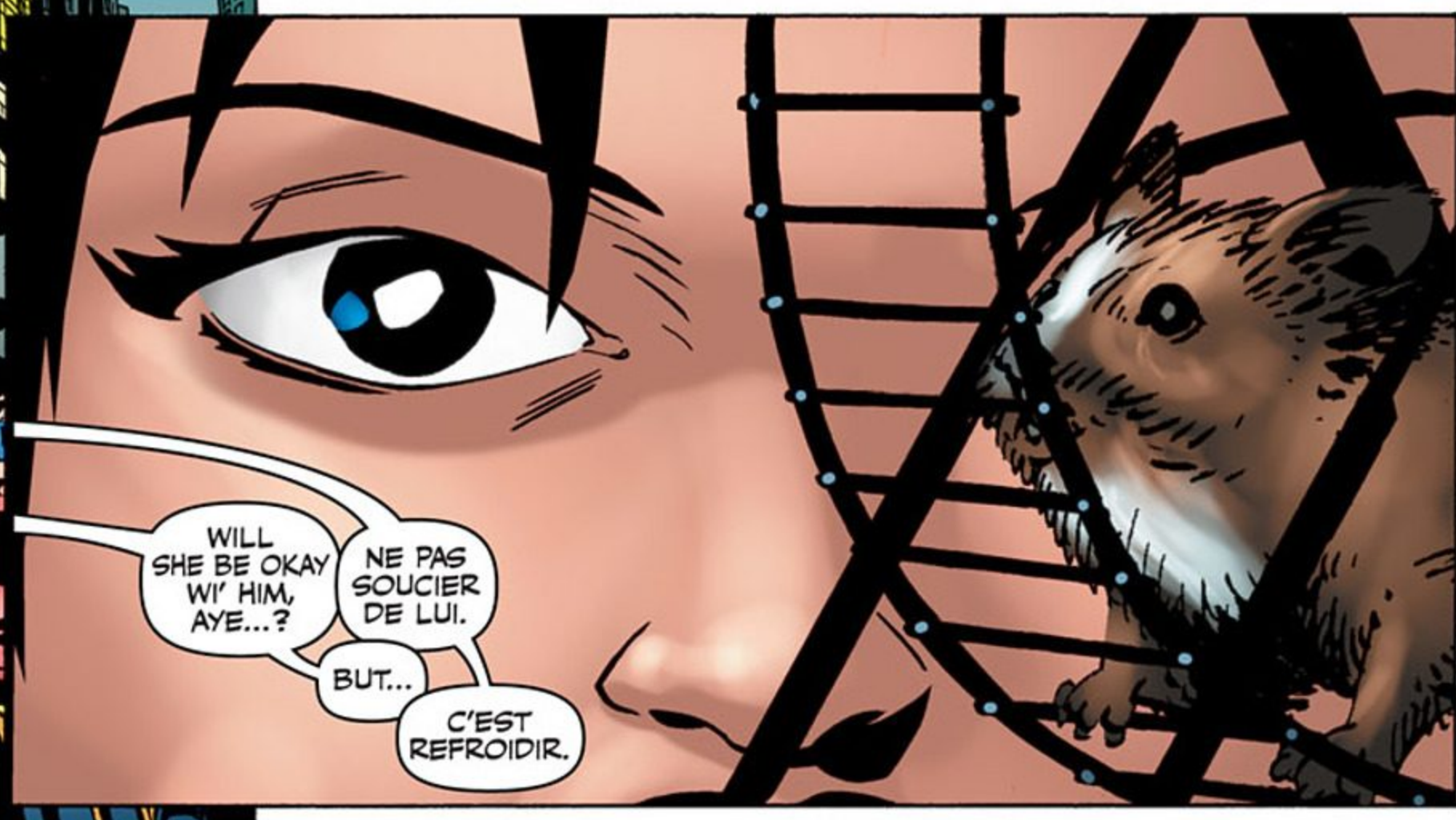
I GAVE UP THE
ROOM, I DIDN'T SEE
ANY POINT IN...ANYWAY,
MISTER POTAMUS SAYS
I CAN HAVE IT AGAIN
IF I NEED IT.

GOOD BLOKE,
OL' POTAMUS.

COULD
SOMEBODY
MAYBE LOOK
AFTER--



JAMIE?



WILL
SHE BE OKAY
W/ HIM,
AYE...?

NE PAS
SOUcier
DE LUI.

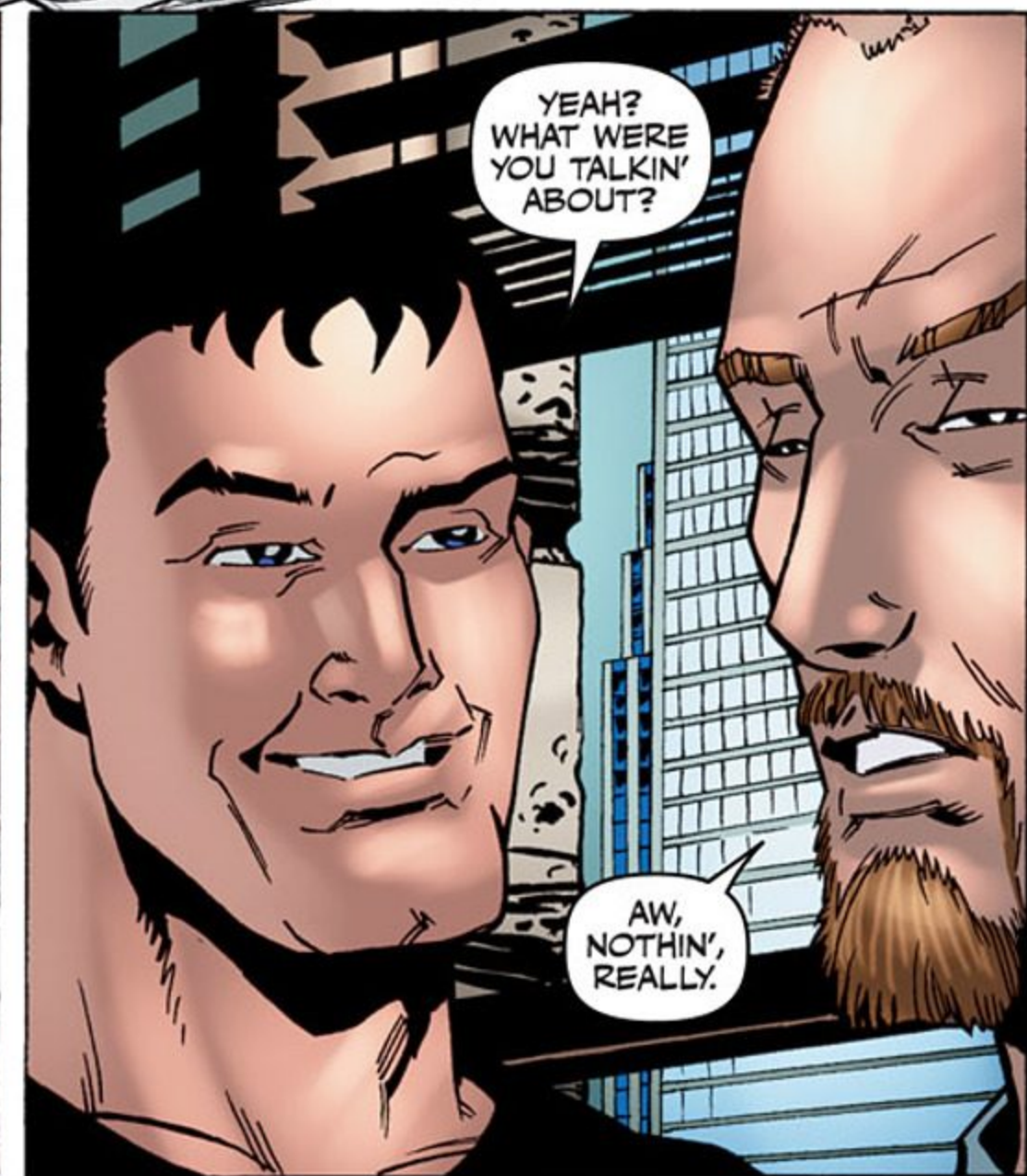
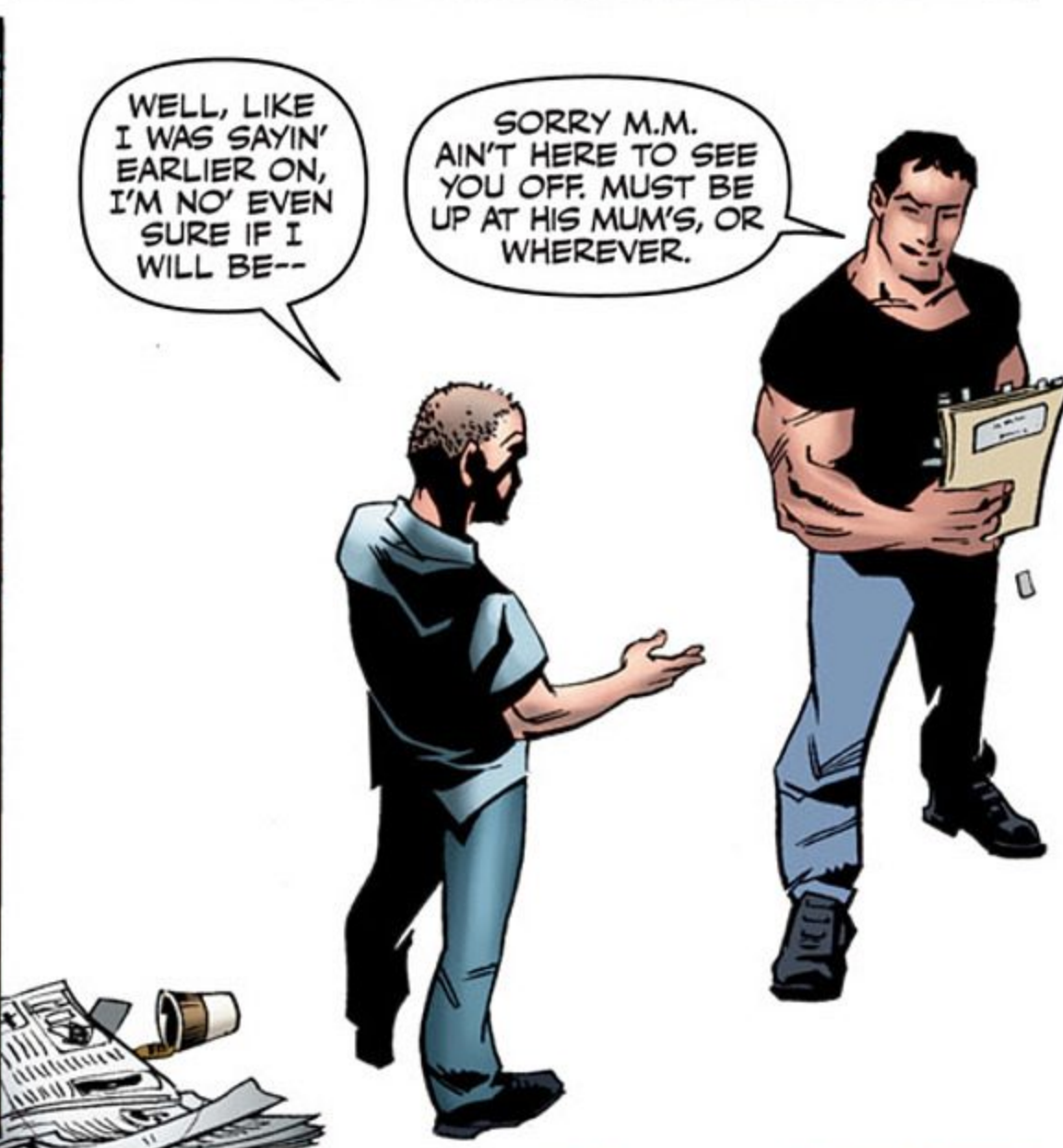
BUT...

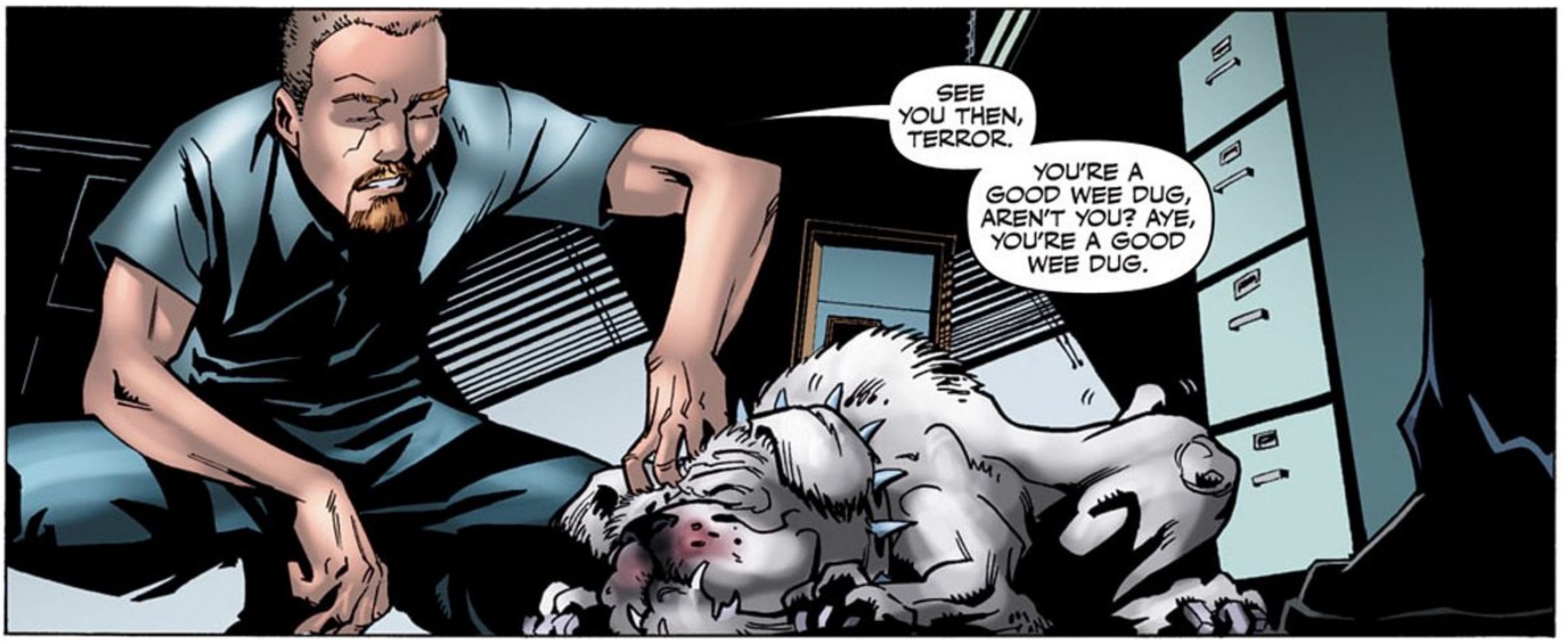
C'EST
REFROIDIR.



AYE.

WELL
THEN.









EH...?

THE SIMMER DIM. IT'S WHAT THE SHETLANDERS CALL THIS SORT OF PERMANENT TWILIGHT YOU HAVE UP HERE AT NIGHT-- YOU KNOW, HOW IT NEVER QUITE GETS DARK IN THE SUMMER MONTHS?

IT'S ABSOLUTELY MAGICAL, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT...



I DO APOLOGIZE, I'M FORGETTING MY MANNERS. ALASTAIR VIGORS.

OH, HUGH CAMPBELL. PEOPLE CALL ME HUGHIE.

ARE YOU UP FROM LONDON, AYE?



CLOSE ENOUGH. DEEP IN THE WILDS OF SURREY, ACTUALLY.

CARE FOR A BISCUIT?

YES PLEASE.

D'YOU LIVE LOCALLY, HUGHIE?



WELL, I'M FROM HERE-- AW, BRAW WEE BICCIES!

MY WIFE MADE THEM. SHE'S ALREADY TURNED IN, ACTUALLY, WE'VE TAKEN A COTTAGE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF AUCHTERLADLE.

OH AYE? AYE, SO I GREW UP HERE, BUT I'VE BEEN AWAY FOR A WHILE. JUST GOT BACK TODAY, ACTUALLY.



NICE TO BE HOME?

AYE.

WELL--

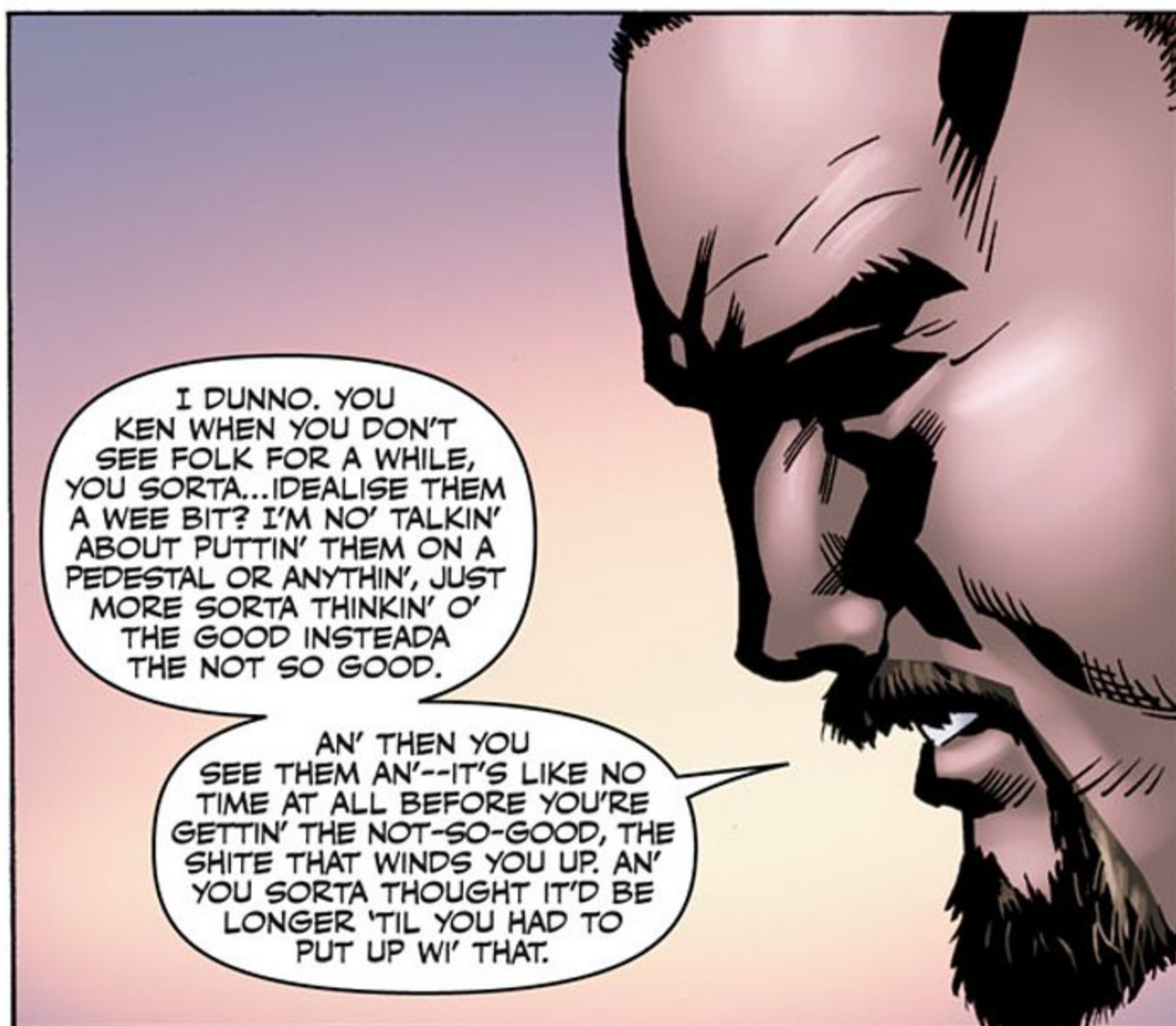
AYE...



I
SENSE A CERTAIN
HESITATION...

AW...NO...

I JUST...



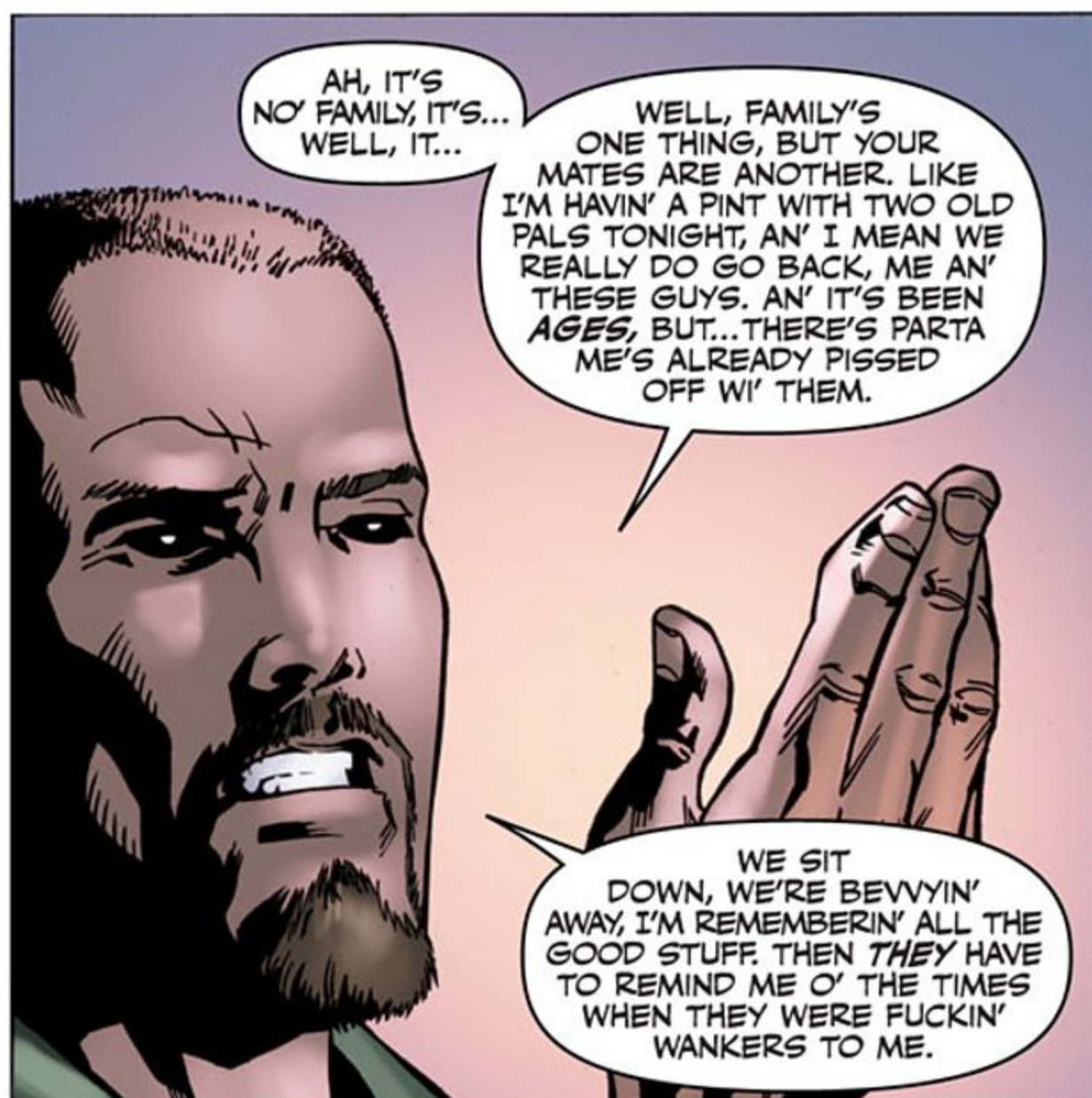
I DUNNO. YOU
KEN WHEN YOU DON'T
SEE FOLK FOR A WHILE,
YOU SORTA...IDEALISE THEM
A WEE BIT? I'M NO' TALKIN'
ABOUT PUTTIN' THEM ON A
PEDESTAL OR ANYTHIN', JUST
MORE SORTA THINKIN' O'
THE GOOD INSTEADA
THE NOT SO GOOD.

AN' THEN YOU
SEE THEM AN'--IT'S LIKE NO
TIME AT ALL BEFORE YOU'RE
GETTIN' THE NOT-SO-GOOD, THE
SHITE THAT WINDS YOU UP. AN'
YOU SORTA THOUGHT IT'D BE
LONGER 'TIL YOU HAD TO
PUT UP WI' THAT.



I'M SORRY, I'M
BLETHERIN'. YOU DON'T
WANNA HEAR ALL THIS
FROM SOME FELLA YOU
DON'T EVEN KNOW.

OH, I DON'T
MIND. FAMILY
CAN BE A BIT OF
A BUGGER,
SOMETIMES.



AH, IT'S
NO' FAMILY, IT'S...
WELL, IT...

WELL, FAMILY'S
ONE THING, BUT YOUR
MATES ARE ANOTHER. LIKE
I'M HAVIN' A PINT WITH TWO OLD
PALS TONIGHT, AN' I MEAN WE
REALLY DO GO BACK, ME AN'
THESE GUYS. AN' IT'S BEEN
AGES, BUT...THERE'S PARTA
ME'S ALREADY PISSED
OFF WI' THEM.

WE SIT
DOWN, WE'RE BEVVYIN'
AWAY, I'M REMEMBERIN' ALL THE
GOOD STUFF. THEN **THEY** HAVE
TO REMIND ME O' THE TIMES
WHEN THEY WERE FUCKIN'
WANKERS TO ME.



I SUPPOSE
I'M JUST WONDERIN'
WHICH VERSION O'
THEM'S MORE, MORE
TRUE...

HMM.
AN ETERNAL
DILEMMA, IF
EVER I HEARD
ONE.



BUT
WHATEVER FACES OUR
FRIENDS CHOOSE TO
SHOW US...WELL, THEY
ARE RATHER ALL WE'VE
GOT, AREN'T THEY?



"SO WHAT THE FUCK'S SOME OLD SASSENACH POOF GONNA DO TO US?"

"NO, NO' HIM! CAMPBELL!"



HE WAS A SMART WEE BASTARD WHEN HE WAS A LADDIE! ALWAYS STICKIN' HIS NOSE INTO STUFF, SOLVIN' MYSTERIES AN' ALL!

SOLVIN' MYSTERIES...?



WHAT IS THIS, THE NANCY BOYS AN' FUCKIN' HARDY DREW? I'M WORRYIN' ABOUT CUSTOMS AN' EXCISE AN' THE POLIS, BUT I SHOULD REALLY BE WATCHIN' OUT FOR THE FAMOUS FUCKIN' FIVE?

NO, NO, I'M JUST SAYIN'...HIM COMIN' BACK LIKE THIS NOW, IT COULD BE A REAL PROBLEM...



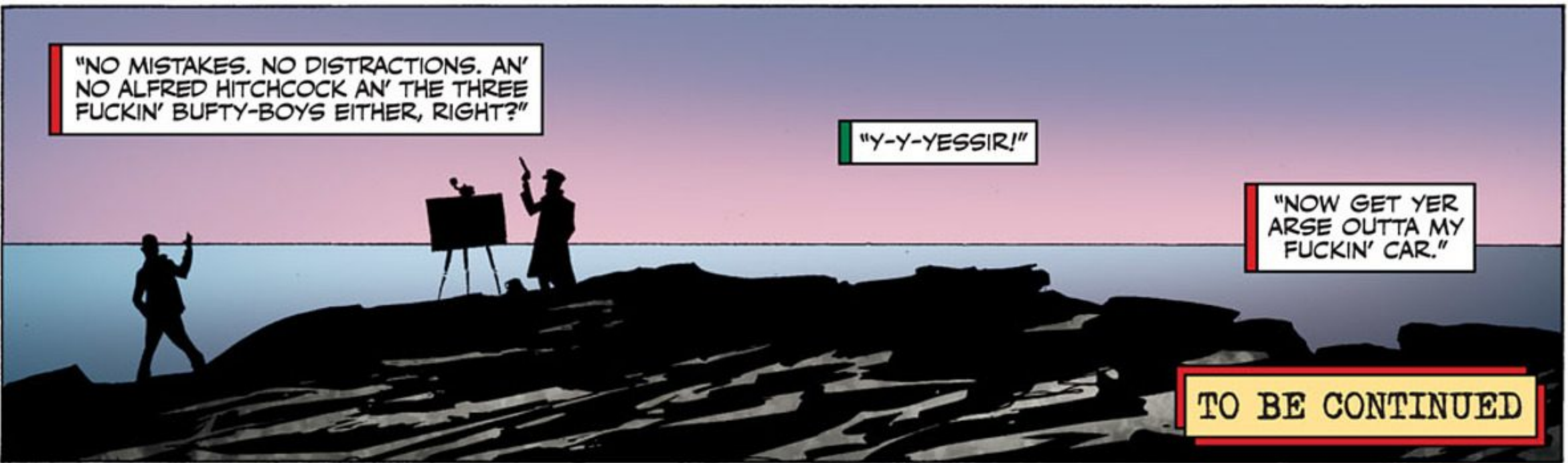
FUCK OFF, HE LOOKS LIKE A CUNT. SORT YERSELF OUT AN' STOP TALKIN' SHITE, THE LAST THING I NEED IS MY LOCAL CONNECTION ACTIN' THE PRICK.

BUT--

BUT NOTHIN', BOLLOCK-BRAIN. THE FIRST LOAD'S COMIN' IN TOMORROW NIGHT: DO YOU KNOW THE SENTENCES THEY'RE HANDIN' OUT JUST FOR *TOUCHIN'* SUPE-SUGAR THESE DAYS?

UM...

WELL FUCKIN' SAID.



"NO MISTAKES. NO DISTRACTIONS. AN' NO ALFRED HITCHCOCK AN' THE THREE FUCKIN' BUFTY-BOYS EITHER, RIGHT?"

"Y-Y-YESSIR!"

"NOW GET YER ARSE OUTTA MY FUCKIN' CAR."

TO BE CONTINUED